

# The Agitator.

"Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

"Such is the irresistible nature of Truth, that all it asks, and all it wants is the liberty of appearing."

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WHOLE No. 49.

[Original.]

TO ONE BELOVED. . . . . BY D. S. FRACKER.

When like a bird from off its nest  
The twilight leaves the dark'ning west,  
And night unclasps with trembling hand,  
Her spangled curtain from its band,  
And countless stars in phalanx gleam,  
To light the mountain and the stream;  
My prison'd thoughts their bondage flee,  
And haste, dear love, on wings to thee.

When night supreme, of noble birth,  
Bids silence reign o'er all the earth,  
And nature glad at such behest,  
In sombre robes hath sank to rest  
My heart forgets its grief and tears,  
Its buried hopes and pressing fears,  
And lightly skims o'er Lethe's sea  
To dwell, dear love, in dreams with thee.

When rosy beams with bright'ning glow,  
Descend the hills to plains below,  
Like armed hosts from yonder world  
With shining banners all unfurl'd,  
And opening flowers from off the green,  
Lift up their heads to view the scene,  
A fairy breeze wafts o'er the lea,  
And bears, dear love, my soul to thee.

Oh may thy life be as the prayer  
Which breathes upon the evening air  
And finding favor 'fore the throne  
Reflects to earth in mercies shown.  
May blessings bright as summer flowers  
Shed incense sweet, o'er all thy hours;  
And as God's bow of promise be,  
Ever, dear love, encircling thee.

And when thy pulse doth feeble beat,  
And earthly scenes in dim retreat,  
Shall fade beneath the chilly breath  
Of silent and approaching death,  
May heaven send an angel guide  
To lead thee o'er the flowing tide,  
To that fair home beyond the sea,  
Where joys, dear love, await for thee.

FANTASY. . . . . BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

They call us free, Gods what lying!  
Will they make us hug our chains,  
Human hopes and rights defying  
Agonized with fiery pains?

Plunged in discord, falsely speaking,  
How we make our eden hell,  
And so many devils making  
It is fearful here to tell.

Hoary systems of the ages,  
Legal codes of ancient lore,  
Blood bedewed on all their pages,  
Must ye torture ever more?

Must we drag ye, corpses rotten,  
Lone shackles to our souls?  
Nay, ye soon will be forgotten,  
Even now your death knell tolls!

Slavery of tyrant masters,  
Of the body doomed to toil  
'Neath the burning of the tropics  
In the rice-swamps oozy soil—

Rather this, than mental bondage,  
Or the shackling of the soul  
By priestly rites and laws confining,  
Like a Boa's crushing fold.

Shake them off, be free as sunlight,  
Free as the unfettered air,  
Burst the chains of prisoned midnight  
Beard the tyrants in their lair.

We are fashioned strong in knowledge,  
Dearly prizing sterling truth,  
And all hating deeds of darkness  
Say our teacher, what, forsooth!

The world's too long been damned by preaching  
And too long by snarling cant,  
Let us now have Christly teaching  
Free from all polusive rant.

Let us stand as honest freed men  
Doing all for truth we can,  
Rich and poor together standing,  
Prince and beggar clasping hands.

Then Professors may go begging,  
And the toiler stand above  
All the Czars of earthly fledging  
In the grandure of his love.

## AGITATOR COMMUNICATIONS.

### "MY RELIGION."

To the kind friend who demands of me a further explanation of my views, I will gladly reply, as truth and the occasion demands. No, friend; I do not undervalue any teachings, whose tendency is to elevate mankind. But I cannot subscribe to the so called holiness of that which is evidently contradictory when viewed as human testimony; and as infallible inspiration so far below the present conceptions of Diety. Therefore, truth and conscience compel me to say; *I have never reaped any benefit from the teachings of the Old Testament.* My child-mind was imbued with unwholesome fears; with pictures of a revengeful, changeful God. *I feared Him*; consequently I could not love God or Humanity with a *perfect love*. I was taught to believe in a monotonous and stationary heaven, an never ending hell; and these teachings made of me a superstitious child; a wavering and doubting woman in matters of religion, until Spiritualism, with its blessed and natural light came to revive my drooping soul, by demonstrating God to me in Love. Only when I cast aside the teachings of my childhood and youth, did I begin to comprehend the love and wisdom of the Great Father and Mother of all souls.

I solemnly declare, that the lessons of Immortality, the moral code of Divine Ordination, the consciousness of Truth and Right all came to me, through Nature's channels; never through the teaching of any book. The stars, the sea, the flowers, the wind whispered to me of God. I have ever been, shall ever remain prayerful and reverential, *in spirit*.

In later years, when I turned from the materialism of the Jewish faith, to the search for light in Christianity, the New Testament failed to inspire me with those glowing aspirations, and blessed inspirational returns that Nature, God's holy exponent of Principles had never failed to present to heart and intellect. In the Bible, I met with glaring inconsistencies, with statements opposed to the immutable decrees of natural and divine law, and my reason revolted, and my heart rebelled to accept those unsatisfactory records. But the revelations of the all-pervading-soul, were beautifully clear, and lovingly illustrative of over-ruling-wisdom, to me, his finite creature; they failed not to reach the inmost recesses of the responsive soul; and I lived to acknowledge and to worship God!

I cannot divide Him into a mystical Trinity; I cannot embody in one given form; I cannot limit Him to Heaven; *He is in all* to me; and I need no creed, no book to reveal Him unto me. I never needed it. Intuitively, my soul demands a God, and through myriad channels, that loving God responds.

By the aid of Spiritualism, I behold him divinely illuminating the face of nature and the deeps of soul. I hear his mandates in the varied anthems of

this world's rejoicing, and His "still small voice," in every plaintive tone of earth. I feel Him nearer; and my soul uprising on the sunlighted shafts of aspiration, nestles closely and tenderly to the protecting and Infinite Soul! And this I dare and feel, because I am freed from creed trammels; now, my God is nigh; while I worshipped him in servile fear, he was afar, enthroned and threatening, *and I loved him not*. There are great and noble truths to be met with in some portions of the Bible. I revere them there as elsewhere; but I discard as unfit for present usefulness and modern example, the immoral narratives, the mythological representations of Deity, the barbarous and revengeful character ascribed to God. I rest safely in the consciousness of all overruling Love; I could not beneath the government of a capricious, changeful Master, who, reversing the established order of nature whenever it so chanced, chose from among his children the elect and the fore-doomed. I cannot worship a God retaining the human passions of anger, malice and revenge. And such is the Bible God, enthroned and worshipped by the lips; disowned by all loving, free and spiritual minds, no matter what their outward denomination may be.

We are told that God received and approved of the sacrifice of His Son unto Himself. My veneration for the All-holy, merciful character of Diety compels me to disavow such a monstrous assertion. The Reformer, Jesus, died for the vindication of his principles; as martyrs and heroes died before his time and since. And Reason, the highest attribute of humanity, tells me, that self-atonement, effect progression, not remission of sins, by the shedding of another's blood, are the only available means for the world's salvation. Still slavery, war, legalized adulteries, and iniquitous traffic is carried on; and the terrible quotations drawn from the Book, the thunderings and denunciations of the Clergy have failed to enlighten, to purify, to save mankind. Still monstrous evils afflict the dwellers of earth, and as the Bible fails to apply the remedy, must there not be a higher and a safer guide?—There is; *in the human soul*.

Great and noble truths are to be found in the scriptures of all nations; let us accept and revere them, without making idols of the books that contain them. The existence of infallible and closed revelation argues the impossibility of human progression, and that mind progresses is an established fact. Therefore, I believe, that a proper understanding of physiological law would be more useful to the rising generation than are all the books ascribed to Moses. That a study of geology would better inform the mind than the Mosaic theory of Creation; that a strict observance of the laws of Purity would tend to a more rapid harmonization of the soul, than the life-long study of ancient allegories. Conscience, properly developed and directed, is all sufficient to keep us in the safe and holy path of duty, and we shall need no Bible and no

Creed to render us worthy of our immortal Destiny. The developments of To-day prove God and the Future life, and the God of Nature and Reason is one worthy of human acceptance, and the Future state of action and progression is one worthy of the souls he has formed. And of this we *know* without a written revelation, that to be understood by all should be so plainly evident that the least cultivated of His children might comprehend; whereas, all is couched in myths and symbols, of which the Church is the stronghold, and the Ministers the key-bearers. All shades of wrong, oppression and tyranny are supported by quotations from the Book. Human conscience, rightly cultivated declares that slavery, intolerance and injustice, are infringements of the sacred laws of God.

Wars, mockingly termed holy, have been carried forward beneath the sanctioned authority of the Book. Your law gives sanction to murder annually by legal enactment. Adultery, protected by priestly right is practiced in the name of Christianity, and saintly Paul is quoted, as the moral guide. Friend Moses; when I look upon the starlit heavens, and read thereon the living characters that prove my Father's love and wisdom power; when I listen to the song of waves, the wintry music of the winds, I grow so prayerfully calm, so reverentially silent, and my soul is full of God and love! When I turn to those ancient records, from the few and undeniable beauties they contain to its manifold contradictions and immoral tendencies, I feel the spirit of justice and freedom crying out loudly within me: "This is the language of priestcraft and ignorance; never the voice of the loving God!" Therefore, I dare, in behalf of myself and thousands (among all denominations) of freed men and women solemnly and understandingly to assert, that to be true and pure, to live the life that is approved of God and angels, we need no Bible and no Creed.

Respectfully and with best wishes,  
Yours for Truth,  
Hadley, Feb. 21, 1860. CORA WILBURN.

#### PRE-EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

MRS. BROWN:—In the Agitator of January 15th, I read an article on "Individual Life," by N. M. Strong, with much interest and skepticism, and also, comments on the same by "W. H." in the issue of March 1st.

Now, I desire to aid in agitating this question through the columns of the Agitator, because it is one in which I feel much interest. The idea of the soul's pre-existence, which my friend, "W. H." favors, if true, is fraught with great injustice. I have lived on this mundane sphere twenty-three years, and have had a *conscious* existence of some over twenty. In that time I have gathered all the knowledge that I possess; if I have had a "conscious individual existence" throughout all the eternity of the past, injustice has been done me, because I have no memory of past life, and possess nothing of knowledge, love or wisdom as a result of it. But what is the evidence of the soul's pre-existence? It is urged that "if the soul had a beginning it will also have an ending;" and this position would doubtless be true, if the soul was created as God created [?] the world—out of *nothing*.

But such a position is not for a moment tenable. I believe in the eternity of matter. Matter is indestructible, therefore, it must exist throughout eternity; and it is an axiomatic truth, that matter cannot exist throughout the future eternity unless it has existed throughout a past eternity.

Then the elements of which the soul is composed have existed eternally; so that we have a firm basis for the soul's immortality, without adopting the theory of "Pre-existence" as taught by Pythagoras.

Progression is a law of matter, and carries it through successive changes of development and refinement, until man stands forth as "the final end of organization and the perfect fruit of the tree of life." There is a law of matter regulating mineral and vegetable forms. So there is regulating animal forms, and the gradations from the lowest forms of organic matter up to man, are so slight and easy that Nature seems fully competent to perform the work without supposing the pre-existence of any form. All species and classes of animated beings exist to the end that man may come forth. I do not believe that any animal (below man) possesses an individual existence after the death of the body.—But as Nature always works forward, the refined essences of their beings are manufactured into higher species and classes; hence there has always been an exact adaptation of animal life to the condition of the earth. There is no species superior to man, hence there can be no destruction of his individuality, that the refined essences of his being may go to form a higher species, for, "Man is an epitome of the universe." But another objection to the idea of the soul's pre-existence, is the incontrovertible fact, that children take their *mental* characteristics from their parents as much as they do their physical qualities and bodily conformation. Families and relatives are distinguished as such, by mental characteristics and peculiarities as much as by physical shapes and qualities.

If it was true that the soul had a pre-existence, and also, that "mind moulds all forms," then children would not necessarily resemble their parents at all, either in soul or body.

If the soul had a "conscious individual existence" prior to the birth of the body, why do unfavorable conditions in generation and antinatal developments produce idiotic children, and also those predisposed to insanity? Why are the offspring of love beautiful and harmonious in soul and body, while the offspring of lust and hatred, are fit subjects for brothels and dungeons?

Why is insanity hereditary in certain families? Why do the *same* parents, by observing the laws regulating the transmission of mental qualities, have power to change the mental constitution of their offspring? In brief, why is the reproduction of mental qualities under the guidance of law at all? But while examining the theory of the soul's pre-existence, we cannot repress a desire to know at what particular point of utero-gestation the spirit enters the body; the advocates of the theory fail to satisfy this desire with any scientific knowledge.—The theory of the soul's pre-existence would suppose a *design* and *fore-knowledge* in regard to the functions of maternity and the number of children born into the world.

But does this design cover the field of *mistakes* and *accidents*? It is truly a lamentable fact that a great majority (some of the medical profession say seven-eighths) of all the children born into the world are unwelcome children, and are accepted as a necessity; and to suppose that the number of souls exactly correspond to the number of children produced by mistakes, and that they are always ready to step into every body that can hold one, would require a stretch of credulity far surpassing what my imagination can conceive.

Indeed, the very fact that offspring, in their antinatal development of soul and body, are governed by paternal and maternal conditions, and also that consciousness first dawns upon the mind subsequent to natural birth, seems conclusive evidence against the theory of the soul's pre-existence.

I did not design a lengthy article, but feeling interested, I have taken the liberty to express a thought or two in opposition to the theory under consideration, with the kindest of feelings, hoping my friends who favor the theory will present to the

readers of the Agitator some of the facts and evidences on which the theory is founded.

H. B. VINCENT.

Chagrin Falls, O. March 10, 1860.

#### REFORM.

For many reasons, the thinking part of humanity consider the present age as the most extraordinary one that has ever dawned upon the world. The mighty progress of intellect, the unparalleled triumphs of inventive genius, the ingrafting into the social system the living elements of freedom, the magnificent schemes for improvement, moral, physical, political and social, all mark the age, and place it pre-eminently above all others. Woman, in all past time, through the superior physical strength of her brother, man, has lived a life of miserable servitude. Prejudice and habit have become a part of her very existence. There seems to be an innate propensity within the human soul to ignore every thing differing from the effete customs of the past. However, a few have made the discovery, that the *right* to govern is not *divine*; and that a part of the human race has no indefeasible title to the labor and destinies of the other part. This fact once learned and understood by the mass, a great victory will be gained. A triumph will be achieved which, in the magnitude of its importance is only surpassed by a complete disenthralment of the entire human race. In the annals of time, there are auspicious moments, which if permitted to pass unimproved, seldom or never return. We either mistake the signs of the times, or the day has now arrived, when imbecility and indecision on woman's part, will not only be considered faults, but crimes which posterity will be slow to forgive. There is nothing gained by shrinking from the right. She has boldly stepped into the arena of thought, and ere long, we trust, she will act as well as think. Already have many noble spirits, conscious of their God-given rights, as women attacked the strong citadels of despotism, error and bigotry. The name of one of God's noblest souls has been announced, in ridicule for Vice President of this land. Would to heaven she possessed her rights in that direction, and the announcement would not prove inefficient.

Thousands of homeless, hungry, heart-forsaken human beings, goaded to desperation by the living death they have endured, would, mid the shouts and sneers of hundreds who continue to nurse the mortal upas in our midst, leave their prison-house, and do an act, that would be recorded far above the machinations of servile demagogues.

If God made man to govern, and woman for a mere house drudge, (as I heard a gentleman a few days since affirm,) why did he not make a greater difference in their brain? Why give her aspirations for the pure, great and noble? Why an intellect in power, unsurpassed by man? It is not so, only where selfishness is sovereign, and bigotry reigns. Woman is to blame for the slavish position she occupies in society to-day. She has permitted the noble energies of her soul to lie buried in inactivity, and been satisfied while homage was paid to herself. Oh, woman, rouse thy latent faculties, come up from the dark quagmires of servile dependence into which thy feeble energies have plunged thee; and with thy moral strength of purity, and nobleness of purpose, help to raise thy brother to a more perfect development—make the age a glorious and incomparable one; labor to eradicate from our midst, the consuming *despotism* that is silently undermining the happiness of millions. Be true women, faithful to the divinest interests of the soul, worthy of the day in which we live, and millions yet unborn, in ages to come, will bless the name of woman. True womanhood springs from a recognition of the divine law of right, and a voluntary obedience to it, mid all the powerful temptations of the world.

Parkman, Ohio.

MARY P. TODD.

## SKEPTICISM.

Why should skepticism be held in contempt, or be regarded with dread? Yet I do not know that it is very strange, after all, that those who are content with mere authority—a thus saith a book—for the ground of their belief, should thus regard this child of reason. I say this child of reason, for skepticism is the asking for the proof, and the why and the wherefore of whatever may be presented to the investigation of the reasoning mind, before it can endorse it. Such an individual knows that the history of the past has been in a great measure a history of vague speculations, mingled 'tis true, with some beautiful fragments of philosophy. A visionary may advance views wholly theoretical, which, at first glance, or to one unaccustomed to thinking, might appear quite plausible, but which is entirely inadequate to the wants of skepticism.—“What are those wants?” you ask. It asks for the evidence. It is not enough that whatever is presented, either in the name of science, philosophy or religion, is given in beautiful language, or that it can be traced back to the authority of long venerated names; or that it is sought to enforce credence by threats of Deific ire; “but has it the proof?” is the question of Skepticism. If it is unsupported by this, most assuredly it has no claims to an endorsement.

And why should we be asked to receive this or that theory, without reasonable and sufficient grounds on which to base our position in relation thereto? Though it may be a truth susceptible of the clearest demonstration, yet the individual investigating it, unless he would be blindly credulous, should seek such demonstration as will place it beyond a question or doubt, notwithstanding the stigma that may be attached to his course, especially if it relates to the creeds and dogmas of his contemners.

Need we fear that *truth* will suffer by such a course? Truth, I apprehend, is susceptible of proof. It only requires a thorough investigation to discover such evidence. Now, should the attention of any be called to a particular truthful hypothesis, and he should, at first, be unable to see the ground upon which it rests, which, think you, would be the most commendable, to passively assent to the unappreciated claims set up for it, or to steadily continue to investigate the same, that you may understandingly arrive at conclusions.

No, truth cannot suffer by this last course; for the Skeptical, investigating mind thus *learns* to fully appreciate it.

I know, in the estimation of many, the skeptical are regarded as being only worthy of a place in the great caldron of God's eternal vengeance; but it is that they mistake his motives and desires that they thus regard him. A skeptic is one who would institute the most rigid inquiry that he is competent to into whatever is presented to his investigation. He asks to prove such truths as he can; and how futile is the attempt to put him off with a sneer, or the promise even, of a future home with blind credulity's imaginative devils in regions of never ending burning.

He asks for bread; will you give him a stone? (brim-stone.) He asks for an egg, and therefore, will you lash him with the *scorpion* whip of an Orthodox hell? Be assured, if this is the only answer you may have for him, that it will only call up a smile for your folly as he turns to call you to an examination of the utility and reasonableness of the doom you would vouch-safe him. And should you dare to enter, with him, upon such an examination, soon might you see that that *vengeance*, which has been so long regarded as constituting Divine Justice, and which has been reared as a stupendous obstacle to human advancement in the paths of calm thoughtfulness, begin to vanish as the baseless fabric of a fanatic's vision.

G. B. P.

## PRIESTLY RULE.

The man who has not given his name to the church, and does not support the gospel ministry, and patronize the so called benevolent institutions of the day is looked upon by a portion of community as a very careless man as regards his eternal welfare, or as a down-right infidel. If he is rich in the things of this life, the church will manifest a great disposition to bear with his weakness; it will manifest its sympathy by praying for him in public and in private. He is frequently paid a sort of informal visit by the minister, who tells him what great good he might be the means of doing if a christian. He leaves no means untried, whereby he may be brought into the church. He will sometimes even lie, for the sake of furthering the cause of christianity.

If the *rich* man does become a member of the church we seldom hear of his being dismissed, so long as he is good pay. Therefore, we have reason to believe the church often places a higher estimate upon the rich man's money, (if liberal) than upon his soul.

The minister of the church is often heard warning his flock against a certain Lecturer who is preaching reform in the town hall. He says this reform doctrine conflicts with the teachings of the Bible and will, if adhered to, be the downfall of the *Church*. (Hope his worst fears may be realized.) The reformer says women should *not* obey their husbands in all things; and you know Paul says they *should*. The reformer tells you that the great Book of Nature is the word of God; and every soul saved, is saved through his own merits. But the minister says, the Bible written by, nobody knows who, is the will of God to man, and if a man is saved it is through the merits of Christ. He frowns at the idea of investigation, and says whatever is taught in that book is a sufficient reason why it should be believed.

We fear the majority of church leaders are dishonest and corrupt—not even granting to many of them the plea of ignorance. Else why do they so universally oppose investigation, and free discussion on subjects of religion? Do they not deny to man the exercise of the only means whereby he can enable himself to choose that which is good, and reject that which is evil?

Church leaders know, and always have, that in order to continue with success their despotic rule over the soul, it is absolutely necessary to suppress investigation and reform. They have waged an unrelenting war upon every reformer that has ever lived. The greatest reformer the world ever knew, was persecuted from his infancy to his death, by the church and its fanatical leaders. And had it been in their power, they would have destroyed his sayings, and suppressed the spread of his reformatory doctrines, and the world to-day left in ignorance of the existence of any such character as the son of JOSEPH AND MARY.

And if this reformer were to appear among us to-day, in the manner he did to the Jews, what assurance could we give him that he would be treated any better than then?

When people do their own thinking in religious, as they do in other matters, they will get along without paying a Priest to do it for them. It is a lamentable truth that the expounders of the Bible study to keep the truth veiled in mystery; instead of showing how simple are God's great laws and easy to be understood by the enquiring mind. We hear it declared from the pulpit that “the ways of God are past finding out.” “Great is the mystery of godliness,” &c.

How long must we, in this enlightened country, suffer ourselves to be imposed upon by a deceived and deceiving Priesthood? How long submit to have

our hard earned money wrested from us, in order to build these monuments of folly, and religious pride, we see scattered so thickly over the land? These costly synagogues where thousands flock Sabbath morning, to see the latest fashions and to worship a golden God?

If the wealth so freely lavished in building costly mansions and dedicating them to the worship of the orthodox God, was expended in building humble cottages for the poor and destitute of our land, we would soon see accomplished that which the christian has been praying for these eighteen past centuries.

J. L. SMITH.

Marion, Ohio.

YPSILANTI, Jan. 22, 1860.

DEAR MRS. BROWN:—Your excellent thought-agitating paper comes to our “home circle” semi-monthly, bearing tidings of the numerous spiritual friends on earth, and occasionally a messenger from spirit-land breathes a word of encouragement.

In Ypsilanti, true spiritualism is progressing slowly, but we hope surely. Deep within the heart of a few honest truth searchers there has been planted pure inspirational teachings which never can be up-rooted through the endless ages of eternity. Forms once loved have appeared, and voices long silent have again wakened echoes in the soul.

I love to peruse the columns of the Agitator, for it influences woman to justly view her true position in life. It encourages her to breathe the air of freedom, to forever cast aside the shackles of dependence and arise to her proper standard.

The English laws from which our own are derived have been thought excellent, but in our opinion, they stand in need of many alterations. We are aware that many of the hard features of the common law are ameliorated by statutory provisions, and others may be, as the people become more enlightened. In this work woman, we believe, must assist, but she cannot unless she is granted a different system in the pursuit of knowledge. In viewing the females from twelve to twenty, we find them possessing a superior education, and as well calculated to attain a livelihood as the males, but as soon as domestic duties commence, and they are taught that they are dependent beings, the superiority is not kept up through life. Notwithstanding these defects we behold now and then a distinguished female rise up in our midst, and proclaim the right to act her own thoughts and feelings.

How they are cried down! How many sneers and ill-sayings must she endure, and were it not for the prompting spirit within, the physical form would long since have sunken under the oppressive weight. Rank and thick are the briars and brambles that spring in the soil made rich with the blood of slaughtered principles; though it may take a lifetime to uproot and destroy the noxious weeds, that the beautiful rose may blossom, remember the dwellers of earth must learn to toil and wait. What inspiration we receive to press onward when one victory is gained. When we have sipped one drop of real joy, joy in lifting and pointing one's soul to truth and happiness, what a thirst we experience to drain the fountain.

Yours in the cause of truth,

S. J. HOLLENBECK.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—The Governor of Kentucky, in his annual message, discusses at some length the lamentable effect of the intermarriage of cousins, which comes up in connection with his views touching the asylums for the insane and idiotic. He says that from 15 to 20 per cent. of these unfortunates are the offspring of such marriages, and recommends an act of the Legislature rendering these unions illegal.

## THE AGITATOR.

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Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. FRANCES O. HYZER, Corresponding Editor.

OFFICE ON SUPERIOR ST., A FEW DOORS EAST OF PUBLIC SQUARE.

CLEVELAND, O., APRIL 1, 1860.

REGULAR CORRESPONDENTS.—Frances H. Green; Frances E. Hyer; S. J. Finney; Cora Wilburn; G. B. Rogers, M. D.; Hudson and Emma Tuttle; Mary H. Willbor; T. S. Sheldon; Sarah C. Hill; M. Durais and C. M. Overton.

Those who receive a specimen copy of the AGITATOR, may understand that they have been invited to subscribe for it and obtain subscribers.

## VALEDICTORY.

"Going! gone at last!" "Just as I expected!" "Just as it should go—to death!" will be the enthusiastic exclamations of some whose eyes fall upon the caption of this article. Some will read the same word with indifference, for the passing away of newspapers is no unusual event. But others will read the same word with regret and ask the why and wherefore. To answer such I now write. There is an explanation due those who have stood manfully and womanly by my side in the years just past.

In the autumn of 1858, a few friends in this and in spirit-life, suggested the publishing of a paper to be appropriately named "The Agitator." I was selected as Commander of the little craft. Of the wisdom in the selection people will judge as they must. I counted the probable consequences attending the enterprise—storm, winds, rocks and reefs—then asked my soul if it was sufficient for these things. With the aid promised by friends, Here and in the Hereafter, it said, "Let me try."

The paper did not, never has, paid expenses. The deficit, for the first twelve numbers, was made up by three individuals. Having at that time a little means at command and feeling somewhat thought-bound by dependence, I determined to bear alone the losses and the responsibilities attending the publishing of the paper. I had a feeling—and I have it yet, thank God—that one's own soul and the world are better for the free utterance of truth, tho' the Truth-bearer dies of poverty and is buried with curses, than they would be if the noble impulses were fettered and sold for fame and a fortune. To me, therefore, there is a satisfaction in knowing that I have spoken my best, divinest thoughts at my own expense, and I regret that I cannot speak on without saying "With your permission." There are wrongs, great and numerous, to be exposed and unpopular virtues to be applauded. The demand, then, seems to be a Journal unlinked to clan and creeds—a Journal the personal property of no sect, the herald of no one ism. When this want is sufficiently felt by the people it will be met. May the time be at hand.

But I have not been unmindful of the kindly words of faith and love that have come to me during these years of toil, nor of the efforts made to extend the circulation of the Agitator. I have often been reminded of my indebtedness to my readers by the unexpected arrival of boxes and bundles containing things needful, and letters containing small notes to the amount, in all of \$25, donations to the Agitator. These words and deeds have out-weighed a thousand fold the inundoes of small minds and the genuine heart-batings of those too poor in spirit to bestow aught beside. These God-sends may seem as mere trifles to the donors; but to me they have been and are worthful. They have steadied the faltering step strengthened the heart weary with the battle and the march, and more than all, inspired my faith in human Brotherhood, and whispered to my inner spirit of a divinely glorious Sisterhood.

But an over-worked body and brain, together with a lack of means, reminds me that a change is of absolute importance. This demand has come under favorable consideration inasmuch as a good constitution is now my principle stock in trade. Rest for soul and spirit are unthought-of things so long as the printer calls, "Copy and cash!" To meet the emergency, then, the Agitator must pass into other hands. I had hoped that some strong heart, rich in purse, would relieve me of the responsibility, and the Agitator would go forth unchanged in name and character. In this I am disappointed. The next best thing to be done is to give the list into the hands of the proprietors of the "Banner of Light." They have agreed to supply my subscribers. Those who now take booth papers will find the amount due them from the Agitator credited to their Banner account. This arrangement gives me pleasure, for I am fully persuaded that there will be no dissatisfaction to any one. There is not in all the reform ranks a more universally popular journal than the Banner.

Pleasant memories are linked with the toil and care of the

Agitator. I have been, thereby, brought into spirit kinship and blessed fellowship with a multitude of hopeful, earnest-hearted working men and women. From the parades of the West, from the balmy South, from golden-veined California and from my own New England hills and valleys have come words of love, hope, courage, faith and friendship. Like a great epic or some sweet-heart-song, they have given me glorious glimpses of the world where these large-hearted spirits make their homes. Those blessed words were to me like grains of gold. I shall gather them up and take them through the world. They will aid me in the attainment of all that is worthiest in this and in the life to come.

Our pioneer band of agitators (Agitator contributors) deserve great credit for the vast amount of work they have accomplished in the burning of mythological chaff and in the in-gathering of Truth-germs. Their motto has been, "What and where is Truth?" instead of "Who is the endorser and to what ism does it belong." I shall, in coming years, turn over the pages of the Agitator with pleasant recollections. Strange faces, with familiar names, will be welcome guests in my heart-chamber, and I shall reverently give thanks that my lines with theirs were cast upon the sea of Agitation. True ours has been a little band; but we all have felt a satisfaction in standing aloof from the herd of hucksters who crowd the literary mart with their wares, waiting, menial-like, the will of freaky Fame for a sale and a name. "Solve your own destiny," saith the spirit unto me.

But the pleantest picture of all is that of *paid printers*.—Not one of the toiling craft has been defrauded by me. But they richly merit all and more than dollars pay. A printer is seldom rewarded for his patient perseverance in deciphering blind copy and putting it into form. The Agitator has not been set by professed reformers yet all the printers—even a little cloven-footed fellow, have done their best to give to the paper a respectable appearance. I shall ever remember gratefully those who have remembered my work in mercy.

But with printers and writers my work has not ended—this is but a temporary leave-taking. A month of comparative quiet will work a decided change in heart and brain. Then, the expense, anxiety and hard work of the paper gone I hope to give more time to writing. I have a lease of the Agitator Office for years to come, where I shall write, publish and sell books and Reform tracts as time and means are at my command. Therefore, friends, we only part to meet elsewhere.

H. F. M. BROWN.

## A FALLEN PHARISEE.

A man in this city, whose long prayers and loud pretensions to piety have rendered him far more favors than almsgiving and Christ-like charity, returned to this office a copy of the Agitator that chanced to find its way into his Puritanic Sanctum. He was terrified by the free expression of thought found in the Agitator—it was, in his eyes, horribly dangerous for people to set up a self-thinking system.

"That man is weak and needs watching," we remarked when the paper, curse-laden, returned. Souls strong in goodness and human faith—those poised upon the everlasting rock—Truth, will have no fear of the waves rolling thitherward from the agitated sea of Thought.

The agitated soul was indeed weak—weaker even than we prophesied. He had not strength sufficient to withstand the illusive smile of an old and discarded lover. The tears, love, trust and devotion of a young wife availed nothing.—The appeals to his manhood to his marriage vows, to his moral integrity availed nothing; the soft tones, the beguiling smile lured the faltering step and won, again a worthless heart, a valueless love.

Pity this weak brother has not had the benefit of the wholesome advice that has been given to such as he by Cora Wilburn and others through the Agitator.

## FRIENDLY CAUTION.

A friend, whose sound judgment has been of great service to us, writes: "Do not send any more papers here containing your visit to 'John Brown' I like the spirit you manifest; but that one article lost you several subscribers." Another writes: "Do not kill yourself by your frankness. The world loves hypocrites and you must teach it to love you by being a 'two-sided soul'."

We appreciate all the care and kindness of these, and other good friends. We know—knew long ago—the fate of imprudent souls.

We like vastly the good will of the world, especially of those who have aided in keeping our crazy craft afloat; we do not court martyrdom nor seek starvation, but may it please God to preserve us from following in the wake of eringing, cowardly sycophants. He who bows the knee to the tyrant, Public opinion—he who waits to echo the thoughts of the multitude—he who dares not stand alone in the dignity of his Manhood and speak fearlessly his own thoughts is a greater slave than is he whose bones and blood alone are purchased from the auction block. Our motto is, "To thyself be true."

## EDITORIAL ITEMS.

AGITATORS.—We have copies of each number of the Agitator from No. 13, which we will sell for \$1 the set. A good binding will cost \$1. The volume for the past year we will send, postage paid, for \$1. We will get them bound for those wishing us to do so.

TO DEBTORS.—A few persons have wished us to send them the Agitator and wait a little time for our pay. We have done so. We need every dime; but shall send out neither duns nor bills, but leave it to the consciences of those who owe us to pay or not. But we are rather hopefully looking for a few dollars and dimes from that quarter.

TURN to the last page for notices, items, &c.

THE BANNER is much improved in appearance.

A GENTLEMAN returned the Agitator with this note: "As I fear God and hate the devil I hate Abolitionists and Woman's Rights. The rostrum is no place for a woman. Abolitionism is a humbug. The niggers don't want their freedom and would not know what to do with it. Stop sending the Agitator."

WE ARE always happy to attend to any business for persons out of the city; but when a return letter is requested the writer should enclose a stamp. The costs is a small amount, but ten letters in one day all minus stamps, requesting immediate answers is of some account to poor people.

WE REGRET that want of room will prevent our giving a report of E. H. Chapin's Lecture, in this city upon, "Woman and her Work." It was a grand outspoken speech.

RICHARD REALF.—The Cincinnati Commercial learns that Richard Realf who was in this city some weeks ago, and who is well known from his connection with John Brown and the Investigating Committee, has actually become the proprietor and Editor of the Macacheek Press, published at West Liberty, Ohio.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Your unpublished communications are at your disposal. We regret our inability to print them.

SOME OF OUR EXCHANGES have manifested a decided poetic appreciation by copying a poem—"Letters," by Richard Realf. That poem was written for the Agitator, gentlemen. We want all the glory that belongs to us.

THE GOOD TIME subscribers will receive the Banner of Light instead of the Agitator.

JOHN R. FRENCH, of the Painesville Press, has purchased the stock and good will of the Commercial Advertiser, and will hereafter publish the combined papers under the name of the "Press and Advertiser." Mr. French has associated with himself Mr. V. E. Smalley, a young man of fine culture and superior talent. Theirs will be a good paper.

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE are preparing a volume of poems for the press. Book us for a gross. Mr. Tuttle is writing the 2d volume of "Arcana."

WE HAVE SOLD over four hundred copies of Finney's book. It is a missionary among the Christian heathen.

FOR FOUR weeks the Herald of Progress received on an average 1000 subscribers per week.

ROBERT DALE OWEN is preparing another work on Spiritualism. His Footfalls are heard on orthodox floors; cursed in orthodox journals and hailed as Mercy-messengers wherever there lives an aching heart.

MRS. ANN RALEY, the heroic mother of Edwin and Barclay Coppoc, is engaged writing the history of the life of her noble son Edwin.

JAMES REDPATH is writing the Lives of Capt. Brown's Men. No other man is so well fitted for the work.

F. L. WADSWORTH has gone sunrise-ward.

MARTHA BROWN, the widow of Oliver died at North Elba, N. Y., recently, aged 17 years. She had often expressed a wish to join her husband in Spirit-land. Her wish has been granted. The ties so rudely broken here are bound again. The trio—Oliver, Martha and their little one, will make a happy family in Heaven.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We hope to devote a part of the time to lecturing shall, therefore, leave the business of the office in other hands. All orders will be promptly attended to. On all letters disconnected with business, write "private."

## TO CORN GROWERS.

A bit of good luck has come in our way. Mr. and Mrs. George Hutchins, of Indiana, have, in consideration of our needs and labors, donated to us ten corn planters known as Lippencott's Corn Planter and Coverer. Mr. Hutchins writes: "You will find purchasers among your friends." We know nothing of this or any other patent planter; but those who should know say this is a good time-saving machine. It is to be attached to a "cultivator," when it drops and covers the seed.

They have sold for \$10, but we will sell them for \$8 and pay transportation to any place in Ohio. The Patentee has permitted us to sell them anywhere in the State.

## STEVENS AND SPIRITUALISM.

Aaron D. Stevens has, in his last days, exemplified the worthfulness of Spiritualism. John Brown, Jr., in a note to us, writes: "Stevens was a Spiritualist. This, I believe, is the first instance in which the Spiritualist's faith has stood so PUBLIC and so sublime a test." It is even so. No other person has ever so uncomplainingly, so sublimely gone to the sacrificial altar; no other has so conclusively tested the efficacy of our blessed faith. The comrades of Mr. Stevens met manfully—more than humanly, their martyrdom, but the trust, the hope, the sublime faith of Stevens was wanting.

Capt. Brown laid the wealth of a human heart upon freedom's shrine. For the deep love he bore the bondman, he gave his life. His death was a beautiful lesson of heroism and deathless love; but in his on-looking he saw no re-union of laborers for an earth-work—no linking of hands and of hopes with his great-hearted boys, in the coming battle for Liberty. With his summons to the scaffold, he looked for the ending of his work on the earth, and hoped, in the Upper Court, to hear the "Well done."

Cook, Copeland, Green, and Coppoc met their fate like brave hearts, knowing that the way to Freedom must be paved with human bones, but then, the future was all—all a deep mystery.

Hazlett waited lovingly at the gate of death, listening, meantime, to angel voices, and catching, now and then, glimpses of the shining robes of the glorified, but he was earth-bound; here were his unfulfilled hopes: here were soul-prophecies not yet realized: HERE he would gladly have solved the great life-problem.

But Aaron Stevens, the wild boy, the brave youth, the mighty in battle, the defender of the defenceless, has taught the world how divinely the soul may meet the most barbaric of deaths.

He had lived in two worlds. From the battle and the strife he turned to the kingdom of the Soul, and sitting, child-like, at Nature's feet, he became her pupil, she his loving teacher. From her he learned the laws of life, the mission and destiny of the spirit. His conclusions were: the soul lives on, loves on, and labors on, for its own and its brother's weal.

While chain and prison-bound, he devoted his time to reading the best works upon Spiritualism. At length faith was anchored in knowledge. The searching soul found the rest it sought.

When the trial-hour came, he kindly offered to bear messages of love from friends HERE to the loved in the Hereafter, and, with a faith that knows no doubting, bade a brief adieu to those whose lives with his own had been linked, and shaking "loving hands with death," he joined that good angel for a "morning march" to the City of Life.

"Free Love"—"Sexual Attractions"—"Marriage" and "Divorce."

CONCLUDED.

Editorial Correspondence by Mrs. Hyzer.

Love and Wisdom never were divorced and by no possibility can ever aspire to such a result. Any relation of the sexes, wearing the mantle of Marriage, resting upon any other basis than this I can only consider as a mere temporal or material arrangement entered into by the parties for material or temporal objects, and leave their adjustment or re-adjustment to that worldly diplomacy, honor and judgment which alone can be understood as bearing directly upon that class of entanglements; but which, at best, can only serve as "cardial pro tem." For the removal of the causes of these prostitutional horrors, I could only point the questioner again and again to the Artist wedlock which, true to its infinite genius, speaks in embryo in "Love of Freedom," and manifests its utilitarian grandure and glory in "Freedom of Love." Though I deeply sympathise with the whole of our Father's family in their present marital turmoil and anguish, I feel far less interest in the irruptions than in the causes thereof.

With my limited powers, I can hope to aid but little in "the work of the Age;" but I feel more inclined to perform what little good I may be able to perform as a purifier in causes, rather than as an amputator in results; for, however serviceable or unavoidable amputation may be as a means of present relief and safety, I feel that it can do but little towards raising unborn generations above the plain of the miseries in which the race are at present writhing. In this artistic oneness would I see man and woman united, that around the central sun of their conscious Love and Wisdom, might range in planetary order the fraternal, social and humanitarian dependencies of their immortal life of use, to the constant demands of which, as Deity or the central sun of the material world responds to the demands thereof, would I see their dual Love in corresponding proportion of power, respond forever and ever. In this temple of utilitarian rest shall Woman yet stand. The day of her triumph may be far distant in the relative, but in the absolute she is there to-day, for 'tis written in the law of her immortality and she is now immortal. The brightest angels of the higher life declare that her life-long

dream of central Love—of rest in oneness shall be fulfilled, for thus they sing to me:

"One pulse shall thrill to every angel thought,  
One mind shall know all that to her is taught,  
One soul shall feel her seraph purity  
And drink with her of Love's divinity;  
One being in God's contral image formed,  
By Love's immortal glory fed and warmed,  
Shall claim her nature as his soul's pure bride  
And stand in Truth's high portals by her side  
Giving her strength by which to reach his race,  
He through her nature seeking woman's Shrine,  
Thus held forever wedded not to self,  
But unto every principle of Truth divine,"  
They shall outwork Love's central law of uses,  
And rescue her pure life from sensual abuses.

If, in view of these convictions and inspirations of my soul the world should cry out again and again, as in the past, "Transcendentalist!"—"frenzied poet!" &c., I should only be drawn closer to the throbbing heart of my heaven creating, life sustaining, soul purifying conjugal ideal and thought sire, and thus rebaptized intellectually in the fountain of eternal Truth could go on with undiminished vigor in elaborating both in word and deed a still finer class of transcendentalism. I care not so much to question how fast an individual or a world may become convinced of the reality of what is, to me, Truth, as to ascertain the vital importance and practical value of the principle involved therein, for just in proportion as I find God, or Love and Wisdom involved, all anxiety concerning its ultimate triumph ceases at once, and thus relieved of fear, the perfect love of the principle sweeps in with its stimulating, purifying atmosphere, and thus divinely invigorated I can apply myself untiringly to just such a portion of the vineyard-labor as may be assigned me.

Yet, recognizing these views as reflections from a central idea of Nature's God, how can I, by any possibility, feel myself alone therein? A central Truth presses outward in countless, endless radiations, and according to our radical and circular relations to the center do we recognize its glory and practical significance. He or she who would call me a "transcendentalist," is unconsciously out-working the same idea in one form or another, and while in Nature's order, some must be far behind me, others are with me, and countless beyond me.

Hence, centralized in conscious artistic motive, self-poised and self-possessed, would I see woman make her God-justified demand upon man in either the conjugal or fraternal, the individual or universal nature of her relation to him. Recognizing infinite genius in the brilliancy and might of his intellect, in the depth and fervor of his love, I would see her approach him with artistic aspiration, and on the canvas of her brain and soul would see her sketch the richest, grandest lights and shadows of his manhood; not asking the privilege of him, not of church, state, society or even of her God, because her God in the possibility of the appropriation thereof to immortal use, hath said, "Tis thine!" From this view of her immortal Liberty, woman would as soon await the action of church or state upon her right to inhale the mountain air, bask in the sunlight, drink of the forest rill or worship God through the rainbow glory of the foaming, thundering Niagara. When, in the blessed spring time I go forth upon the mountains that tower above my childhood's home, and drink in the new-born breath of the forest, listen to the gushing music of its free-winged songsters—gaze down into the rich vales the emerald and golden robes of which, even as I gaze, grow deeper and richer in their hue, from the uplifting by the sun-rays, of their silvery vale of night-due, listen to the murmurs of the mountain rills, winding in silvery beauty through these vales to loose their gentle murmurs in the roar of the ocean billows or its swelling, rushing tide, until my soul loses all consciousness of the seen in the worship of the unseen, can I question who has a temporal "deed" of the cliff which my feet are pressing? Who is invested with a "legal" right to lay the ax at the root of the tree against which my form is resting, and the swaying, breeze-tossed branches of which are shielding me from the too direct rays of the rising sun? Or who has a "life lease" of the crystal spring, bubbling from the rocks at my feet, and of the cool, refreshing waters of which, with my leaf formed cup, I've just drank so freely to the reviving and stimulating of my thirsting nature, and which could not have tasted sweeter had I possessed the power of driving away every bird that sang in the branches of the tree that shaded it?

Here, in the glory sphere of spiritual and intellectual Liberty, I am in my Father's house, because in a sphere positive to the materiality around me; here all that he reveals to my consciousness is mine in just such a proportion as I can appropriate it; mine by a claim that is recognized in the vitality of the answer thereto, and I could only smile at the presumption of the mortal who should hint at a superior claim, unless it should be that of a superior appreciation. But did I seek to project my worship and admiration of all this beauty into the outer or grosser circle of use; did I wish the tree wrought into a domicile, the rocks borne away for the steps and walls thereof, the gushing mountain stream driven through

lead pipe into my kitchen or bath room, the emerald robes of the valley garnered for food for my lowing herds, I'd project the aspiration like a true harmonialist through the legitimate agencies, and negotiate with due respect to the recognized laws of justice in that sphere of uses. If, from the peculiarities of my temperament, tastes and views of principles, I found the atmosphere of this grosser sphere of financial and judicial action too oppressive for my nervous power of endurance, I'd fall back into a finer circle—one circle nearer absolute power, where, positive to the conflicting sphere of cruder materiality, I could spring to the work of projecting into this crude sphere of volcanic convulsions, the light of those divine principles which, when reflected therein, would inspire the inhabitants thereof to do Justice to each other from the Love of Justice, not from fear of penalty, and so purifying, thereby, the murky atmosphere of present civil and ecclesiastical government, that earth's weary ones, in looking upward for deliverance from the bondage thereof, should behold gleaming in the sunlight, the golden wires of inner communion with the angel world, and feel their desolation no more, because sure of direct and available guidance to the homes and wisdom of immortals.—But in rising into the atmosphere which lies above temporal legislation, I'd see to it that I went as an individual not as a deformity. I'd not voluntarily leave my physicality while my spirit-life cords were attached thereto in a sphere of material use, with which my spiritual Ideal had no physical artistic sympathy, because of the grossness of the material thereof. Through the instrumentality of that masculinity of power, the divine artistic love of which had not so clearly reflected itself upon my inmost genius as to give me such confidence in saying, "Thou art my wedded co-worker in the future actualization of all my Ideal can grasp of the Artistic conjugality," that I dared be called wife by every form of legislation known to God or man, I'd not attempt the projection into the physical sphere of my internal genius. Into a civil net-work which, under any circumstances, I recognized as possessing the slightest power of enslaving me, I'd not throw in material form, and therefore, in a negative relation thereto, the slightest representative of my maternal and conjugal ideal; but retiring to the studio of the inmost, in holy communion with my Ideal bridegroom or soul and brain reflector of central oneness, I'd repose in a rest too divinely positive to be jarred by all the convulsion of the physical world, and therefrom would project the offsprings of our blended Love and Wisdom in word and deed, that should help prepare the matter of that sphere to a true reflection through unborn generations, if not through ours of Artistic wedlock and reproduction. To aid me in performing all I aspire to perform in this direction, and in grasping all I aspire to grasp for the unfoldment and enlightenment of my soul and intellect I ever have and ever shall seize upon every instrumentality vouchsafed me for this purpose by our common Father, caring less for the ownership of the book than for the instruction to be derived therefrom; and with that uneasiness arising from any husbandly and wifely relation which seeks in any way to check this growth and expansion of the immortal soul, by depriving it of any portion of the God given nutrition which comes thereto from the spiritual, intellectual and social sexual communion I should sympathise with, and pay as much respect to as to the agitation of my child should she fear the spilling of her bread and milk by the revolution of the earth on its axis. By any innocent little argument which might occur to me at the time, I would seek to allay her present anxiety on the subject, and look forward calmly and confidently to the time when her expanding brain could grasp that science, the light of which would allay those fears forever. If this consciousness of the immortal rights of man and woman is calculated to "jar" their present domestic relations, I trust, in all sincerity, of truth-loving aspiration that the "jarring" will increase until every grim idol of the dispensation of FORCE and FEAR shall fall from their pedestals in the temple of the soul, and around its central altar be established that artistic and "unjarable" harmony through which the race can discern that Love and Wisdom are exhaustless in the human soul, and hence, loose all fear of loss from a universal dissemination thereof.

In the meantime, with whatever of strength or light may be mine, I will toil on for the emancipation of myself and humanity from all forms of oppression, and will as ever, most cheerfully grant the world (what it would take did I not feel disposed to grant it) the privilege of giving my sentiments, whether expressed with the tongue or pen, by word or deed, just such a name as, according to the varied tastes of its equally varied forms of development it may please to mete out to me.

So long as 'tis vouchsafed to me,  
To drink of Truth's exhaustless fountain,  
With footsteps light and spirit free  
I'll scale life's spiral chain of mountains;  
While from each summit gained, my lyre  
Shall herald to the world below  
Each Truth that doth my soul inspire,  
Which can through its frail earth cords flow]

In bonds of the warmest fraternal love, I remain as ever  
your co-worker,

F. O. HYZER.

WAITSFIELD, Vt., Feb. 1, 1860.

## THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

Greeley, of the New York Tribune, writes: "The Paradise of free-lovers is the State of Indiana, where the lax principles of Robert Dale Owen and the utter want of principle of John Pettit (leading revisers of the law) combined to establish, some years since, a state of law which enables men and women to get unmarried nearly at pleasure."

Mr. Owen has replied at considerable length through the Tribune, denying the charge and rather hinting that New Yorkers have located "the Paradise of Free-lovers" quite too far west. The reply is strong and bitter and good. Therein Mr. Owen has told terrible truths—truths that only the suffering soul may know. We know one heart that blesses the hand that has so faithfully portrayed one phase of married life and rebuked the time-serving spirit of the Tribune. Want of room will prevent our copying the whole of Mr. Owen's article; but we gladly give place to the following horrible picture:

[Ed.]

\* \* \* Perhaps, the amendment I did propose and carry which seems to you lax in principle; the provision, namely, that a wife should not be compelled to live with one who has been for years, a habitual drunkard. You have told us that she ought to be so compelled. It constantly occurs, you say, that a "virtuous and worthy girl" marries a man who becomes a "miserable loafer and sot;" and you add: "She will wish herself divorced from him; but the law says No, and we stand to it."

Think, for a moment, what this actually involves! Let us take the "single captive," least the multiplicity of images distract us. See the young creature, "virtuous and worthy," awaiting late in the solitary night, the fate to which, for life, you consign her; and that for no sin more heinous than that her girl's heart, believing in human goodness, had trusted the vows and promises of a scoundrel. Is it her home where she is sitting? Let us not so desecrate the hallowed word. It is the den of her shame. A bloated wretch, whom daily and nightly debauch has degraded below humanity, has the right to enter it. In what temper he will arrive God alone knows—all the animal within him, probably, aroused by drink. Will he beat her—the mother of his children, the one he had sworn to love and protect? Likely enough. Ah! well if that be all. The scourge, though its strokes may cause the flesh to shudder, cannot reach the soul. But the possible outrages of this "miserable loafer and sot" may. He has the command of torments, legally permitted, far beyond those of the lash. That bed-chamber is his, and the bed the beast's own lair. It depends, too, on the brute's drunken will whether it shall be shared or not. Caliban is lord and master, by legal right. There is not a womanly instinct that he cannot outrage; not a holy emotion that he may not profane. He is authorized to commit what more resembles an infamous crime, usually rated second to murder and often punished with death, than anything else.

And, in this pit of degradation, you would leave to a fate too horrible for infamy itself, a pure, gentle, blameless Christian wife. Her cry thence may ascend to heaven; but, on earth, you think, it should be stifled or condemned. She entreats for relief, for escape from the pollution she abhors; you look down upon her misery, and answer her, "The law says No, and we stand to it."

God forgive you, Horace Greeley, for the inhuman sentiment. I believe you to be a good man, desiring human improvement, the friend of what you deem essential to social morality. God send that you may never, in the person of a daughter of your own, and in the recital of her tortures, practically learn the terrible lesson how far you have strayed from the right.

## BOOK NOTICE.

THIRTY-TWO WONDERS; or, the Skill Displayed in the Miracles of Jesus, by Prof. M. Durais. Published by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

I regret the need and doubt the policy of the educated writer adopting a *nom de plume*. It may be the cultivated and the wise will seek for and comprehend the message—doing full justice to its merits, whether it is labeled or no; since it is a truism in fact, as well as in proverb, that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Still, as the pursuit of knowledge has difficulties enough attending its progress, good sense suggests the propriety of dispensing with all hinderances of a purely conventional character. In newspapers, magazines,

reviews, &c., when the article is non-personal, the name may be dispensed with, as these mediums of communication have an established character. The affinities of the isolated author, however, being unknown, his identity must be hid for a time, to the injury of his work and the cause he advocates. The social standing and moral integrity of a writer, have ever had, and must continue to have great influence with the mass of readers, nearly all of which, is ignored, if not lost for the time, when the issue is narrowed down to the mere appeal of the intellect.

I, therefore, like to see the whole name on the title page, that I may get an *idea* of the manner of spirit I am like to meet in the book; especially, when the author is critical and reformatory, as in the work before me.

It is a pleasure to know, however, that the person represented in Prof. M. Durais, has withheld his real name out of kind and tender regard for the sincere, but to him, mistaken views and convictions of many of his friends and relatives, rather than from any feeling of cowardice or policy. The book is suggestive of a long—too long an article for these columns, though its entire bulk and volume makes but 121 pages. My remarks, therefore, must be brief; I hope they will be comprehensive.

Criticism of "the Bible," has for the most part, oscillated between dogmatic vindication and irreverent fault-finding, extreme answering to extreme. But "change makes change," and time is said to work wonders. Be this as it may, it will save space and some writing to acknowledge the wonder-working power of "father Time," since it is a fact, that a change has come to the spirit and manner of most biblical controversialists and critics. This change, it is true, is rather on the side of the "free thinker," than the conservative; but it is none the less full of rich promise and consolation. The Doubter and Sceptic, therefore, are no longer in disgrace, but "honorable men" and women. In many cases, they are civil spoken, well-mannered and well-educated thinkers. To find fault is no longer the mission of such; but to "prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good." Glittering generalities and *a priori* assumptions have given place to patient labor and candid analysis; experience having demonstrated honesty to be not only the best, but the only policy capable of vitalizing hypothetical convictions.

To this class, I am happy to learn, Prof. Durais belongs, and that he exercises a *right* loving, if not at all times and points a "righteous judgment" in his examination of sacred and secular subjects.

The work under consideration is not only confined to the New Testament, but to a limited portion of it, the "Miracles of Jesus," and the "Skill" of his biographers being the prominent points of analysis. The Professor's method is to give in full the account of the Evangelist and the parallel passages, if the particular miracle is so mentioned in either or all of the other gospels. The witnesses are then examined, and their testimonies compared, the test rule and stand point being the unities of history—"time, place and circumstance." He insists on these, and enforces their importance with the same earnest positiveness, he would in an examination of "the Dramatic Wonders of the Ancients." He is, therefore, more literary than theological in his ethics, and naturally enough demands that "good taste" shall characterize every departure, from what he conceives to be the "original Gospel."

It is more easy to insist on the point, than to settle the issue, for the difficulty commences as soon as the effort is made to prove the original of the Gospels. The question, therefore, who of the Evangelists, (Matthew, Mark, Luke,) was the first writer

or compiler? is more easily asked than answered. Prof. Durais, however, is strong in his belief, and he gives, in the Appendix, history and reason for proving Mark the original. He does so in good company, for Hug, a learned and much quoted Roman Catholic says, "Matthew is historic deductions; Mark is history." Prof. Durais, however, does not accept Mark as a historian, but as a novelist; considering the Gospels in common with other writings, the "religious romance of the age."

In both of these positions he differs not only with learned, but liberal critics: to make no mention of church tradition, which holds Matthew's to be the "original Gospel." De Watte, a philosophic and historical Spiritualist, as well as Griesbach of the liberal Orthodox School, argue that "Mark was the latest in the order of time," and that he "made use of both his predecessors." Prof. Norton of New—and C. C. Hennell of old England, both learned and liberal Unitarians, consider Matthew the first Evangelist. They find it difficult to determine how much of *our* Matthew's Gospel is a faithful transcript of the original. The controversy, however, is long, and I leave it, with the remark, that the general reader, will learn much from and understand the peculiarities of the four Gospels much better after an attentive study of Prof. Durais' observations in and on the "Thirty-two Wonders." The benefits to be gained from making the Gospels fictions, is by no means clear, since "it is as difficult to find pure fiction as pure truth." The labor of study is, therefore, not abridged; for research and examination will ever remain a duty, as it has been, in most cases, a pleasure for and with the candid student. Besides, the *fallibility* of the Bible being now conceded by high authority in the Church, as well as by learned writers out of it, there is little practical need of any fanciful theory or hypothesis, beyond its helping the mind to free itself from dogmatic assumptions of the Church and the cant of the Evangelical Schools.

I am thankful for the "Thirty-two Wonders," however, and accept it as a friendly stimulant to closer thought; for, Prof. Durais shows himself master of his subject, positive and earnest in his theory, searching in his analysis and fearless in his conclusions. The occasional *irony* that spices some of his "observations" will be excused, if not relished by all, save those who have become sensatively morbid to criticism.

J. H. W. TOOHEY.

## REPLY TO A HUMANITARIAN.

SIR: I thank you for the pleasure which I have derived from the perusal of your communication. Upon the great question of Human Slavery there can be no cause at issue between us. I am as radical or ultra upon that question as you dare be. I have had the exquisite pleasure of listening to the deep-mouthed baying of the Southern blood hounds when they were upon *my track*, thirsting for my blood. There is a *music* in their *bark*, which sends the crimson current of life coursing through the veins and arteries of a Green Mountain boy, with lightning-like rapidity.

It nerves his soul to action,  
It makes his courage strong,  
To rend the chains of faction  
And thus right a grievous wrong.

For the war I have enlisted  
And am ready for the fight.  
For the unmasking of *pious churchmen*,  
Who contend that slavery is right.

I believe that the whole human family were created as free as the air they breath. In using the terms "barbarous and bloody tragedy," I had especial reference to the *barbarous* and *brutal murders* which were perpetrated upon John Brown and his friends by the legal authorities of Virginia. Capital punishment is nothing more or less than a relic

of barbarism, therefore, the taking of life by hanging is a barbarous act. I believe capital punishment to be more criminal in the sight of God, than the taking of life in self defence. In the first case it is a cool, premeditated murder, and nothing else, while in the latter case, the act is generally committed on the spur of the moment, without malice aforethought. In either case it is merely the taking of life without the consent of the party most interested. I intentionally used the terms barbarous, &c., without qualification, and for a specific object. Had I defined my position upon the Harper's Ferry tragedy, you might have remained silent; whereas, it has been the means of calling out one person, at least, who not only dares to think for himself, but possesses the moral courage to speak what he thinks. I thank you for the dressing down which you have given that class of individuals who advocate the doctrine that might makes right. I do not believe that it would be right for Spiritualists to get excited to that degree, which would lead them to do a wrong, because others had; for two wrongs can never make one right. I think that it would be right for every friend of humanity to get excited to such a pitch as would give them a realizing sense of their duty to their God, to themselves, and their fellow man.—Then their first act would be, to throw off all allegiance to the slave power, which they would do by annulling all fugitive slave laws, Dred Scott decisions, and all compromises with wrong and oppression in every form. If John Brown was in Virginia for the express purpose of liberating the slave from his galling chains, and at the slaves request; upon these grounds, and these only, can I justify the act. I do not believe that it would be right to force freedom upon any one against his will.

I believe it to be right to aid those who ask our aid in righting a wrong. I predicate my belief in this particular, upon the promise of Christ, "Ask and ye shall receive."

A word in regard to State Rights, and I have done. I am not willing that another shall dictate to me either a form of religion, or a code of laws to which I am to bow the knee in obeisance. I believe that the majority of the *citizens* of any State or country have an undoubted right to choose that form of Religion or Government the most congenial to their own tastes. They, and not another, must be responsible to God and themselves for their own acts.

I reason from this stand point. For instance, the Mormon contends that polygamy is right, for proof that he is right, he refers you to the example of Solomon, who was said to be the wisest man of ancient times. You, on the other hand, contend that polygamy is wrong, both in theory and practice; and for proof, you refer to Adam, the father of the human family—who had but one wife. Who, then, allow me to ask, is to be umpire? Who shall satisfactorily settle the vexed question? I argue not for mastery; light is what I seek.

Thine in the cause of Humanity,

W. SAMSON.

Osseo, Min., Feb. 24, 1860.

## THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### A VOTE OF THANKS.

A friend charges me with unmindfulness of the favors received from the juvenile world. He says other editors give thanks for blessings, while I accept them in silence.

Well, then, here are my public thanks to numerous Masters and Misses for fruit, flowers, maple sugar, &c., &c. But especially do I give thanks to little "Lilly Bud," of Rochester, N. Y., and to Flora Turner, for Berlin worsted undersleeves; to

Carrie O., a stray angel, for the nicest of crotchet trimming and to Master H— and Miss H— for mittens, all the work of their own little, busy fingers. Even the *mittens*, ominous of broken vows, are exceedingly acceptable. So long as I love good edibles and nicely edged skirts—so long as winter weather comes to me, I shall remember with blessings the large hearts and small hands that have blessed me.

FRANCES BROWN.

### A FEW WORDS WITH THE CHILDREN.

The Agitator is going—going—GONE! This is the last scrap I shall ever write for it. One poor old lady will hold up both hands and say, "That's real good!" This same, dear woman, tells her daughters not to read the Agitator, for the Editor leaves her own children to "run loose and dirty in the streets, while she is fixing up some real fancy things to say to other peoples' children." Poor, dear things! Only think how terrible it is for my darlings to be out these March days—and it may be they are out in the freezing January snows, and roasting in the July sun—Who knows? But one thing is true as preaching—if Mrs. Paul Pry's story is true, it is a terrible thing! What makes the matter still worse the old lady says the dirty darlings are not allowed to come in when I have company. Now that is real wicked in me; for *our* children must, of course, be pretty, amiable and just the smartest creatures alive and every one wants to look into their sweet faces—if they are not clean. But people need not complain if their eyes are not blessed with the sight of my children, for I have not seen them these long years. I do not know even their names, ages, the color of their eyes or skin—in fact, I never heard a child call me mother. Guess Mrs. Pry has been prying into the wrong house.

But, I took up my pen to tell you we should meet no more in the Agitator Corner. I am very sorry for this, for some of my pleasantest hours have been in reading and in writing articles for you. I often think "now that will just suit our children, and I will send it to the printer." But I shall write for you still, so will Mary Willbor, Sarah Hill, Aunt Ettie and Hudson Tuttle. I rather think they will put their thoughts into a book. Won't it make a nice library—"Violet," bound in "gold and blue," Hudson Tuttle's "Geological Lessons," Sarah Hill's Lessons in Botany and Aunt Ethie's Letters and Stories? Then our dear old friend, Fanny Green is going, by-and-by, to publish a Magazine expressly for young people. We shall all write for it and do our very best to win and to retain your good will. When any of you come into the city do not forget to look for our great stone post office near the square, and then nearly opposite, on Superior street, you will see a small brown building. Call there and see

FRANCES BROWN.

### LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No 3.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

I shall be obliged to use a few terms which you may not understand. Whenever I do so I shall endeavor to explain them in simple terms. You may think these scientific terms unnecessary, but they often represent what would require several sentences otherwise to write, and in a far better manner.

By the "earth's crust," is meant that portion of the exterior of our planet which we can observe. We call it so because the interior of our globe is supposed to be melted rock or lava, and what we call land is but a crust over this ocean of fire. This crust which we are going to investigate, is in a great measure, concealed from our view, and not more than ten miles in thickness of it can be seen.

Not that we can go that distance directly downwards, for the deepest mines are not *two* miles deep, but I will presently explain.

The materials of this crust, rocks, sand, beds of clay and gravel are not thrown promiscuously together, but are all arranged in the most orderly manner. This has been done either by fire or water. All rocks are produced by one or the other of these agents. The term Rock is applied to all substances, whether hard or soft. Sand, clay, gravel all are called rocks by Geologists. I said the production of all rocks is referable to FIRE or WATER. Hence we can readily classify them into AQUEOUS such as produced by water; and IGNEOUS, such as produced by fire.

It is a common error that rocks grow when exposed, on the contrary they diminish. Their growth is effected under water, never above. You can know how if you observe any little stream.—When it is in flood it is muddy from the quantity of soil it carries away, but when it reaches a large open basin, where it runs slowly, a *bar* is deposited, because the slow running water cannot bear away the particles the swift current brought down. When the flood subsides, if you examine the bar, you will find that it is composed of beds of gravel, mud and sand regularly alternating. Rivers form these bars on a large scale, and when they occur at their mouths they are called, *Deltas*. A large portion of the land of our Gulf States are formed of such a delta, thrown down by the Mississippi.

These beds are called *strata* by the Geologist, and he places all those beds which agree in age, origin and composition together and calls them a FORMATION.

Such is the origin of aqueous rocks. The igneous are formed in a quite different manner. They have cooled from a melted state. Lava is an example. Pumice, which all have seen is another, made very porous from the escape of gases when it was cooling. The dark rocks almost black, which break with a granular, glossy fracture, which are scattered over fields, are other examples. How these came there I shall presently tell you.

Aqueous rocks are all formed from decomposed or broken down igneous rocks, at first. Other aqueous rocks may be formed from deposits already existing. Sand-stone if carefully examined, will be found to contain all the materials of granite, broken up and differently arranged. The black specks are mica, the yellow or white grains quartz, the flesh colored grains feldspar, all of which exist in the original granite which was ground up by water, carried away and deposited in layers of sand-stone.

The aqueous rocks I have so far spoken of are mechanically formed, that is, the material is deposited by force of water, first as loose beds of sand, and then water containing lime or iron rust in solution passing through them leaves the lime or iron to bind the sand-grains together, just as the mason puts lime into his mortar to make it cement or harden. But there is another kind of aqueous rocks which are not mechanically formed. These are limestone, gypsum, etc., the materials of which were dissolved in the water of lakes, rivers or seas, and deposited by chemical changes. If you will dissolve some alum in water in a clear glass, and then add some potash, the water will become milky, and in a few hours a white layer will fall down on the bottom of the glass. This will illustrate how these chemically deposited rocks were formed. They were in solution, but some other element coming in contact with the water they were thrown down forming a STRATUM on the floor of the ocean.

In my next I shall tell you how rocks are stratified, how classified and how we can examine ten miles in thickness of the crust.

Walnut Grove Farm.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

THOMAS PAINE, a Celebration. Delivered in the First Congregational Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, January 29th, 1860. By M. D. Conway, Minister of the Church.

We have seldom read a more faithful vindication of the character of the honest-hearted Thomas Paine, than Mr. Conway has given in his out-and-out-spoken sermon. It is marvellous that a man can speak as he has spoken, and be heard and applauded as he has been, in the Church and by the Church. Verily, the time has come when good judges, in high place, dare and do nobly vindicate the heart-virtues of Thomas Paine.

THE CENTURY, McElrath's paper, is the best of weeklies. In creeds and politics it is neutral, yet, like the Atlantic Monthly, its high moral and progressive tone determines its type. Its refusal to administer to the perverted tastes of the mass, by publishing bits of disgusting scandal, and sickly love tales, entitles the paper to a warm welcome in every family where Love, Nobility, Purity, and human Faith are soul-guests.

The Century is published every Saturday, at No. 37 Park Row, in the City of New York. Terms, Single Subscribers, for one year, in advance, \$2 50.

FOOTFALLS on the Boundaries of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen. Price \$1 25; postage 20 cents.

No book of like character has ever been received with such universal favor as has the Footfalls; no other book has had so rapid a sale; no other book has ever so startled the thinking world. The Author doesn't seem to wish to confound of convince; he seems neither a bigot nor a proselyter, but, like a familiar friend, he goes with the reader to the counting-room, the fireside, or the bed-chamber, and relates to him plain, simple, unvarnished facts; gives names, dates, and places, then leaves him to solve the problem as best he may.

Mr. Owen's position socially, politically, and intellectually, entitles his facts and philosophy to a candid perusal, and impartial criticism. No other man could have written the Footfalls—no other has had Mr. Owen's opportunities for obtaining the information he has given to the public—and, perhaps, no other man's thoughts would have been so well received. We designed giving some extracts from the chapter on "Death," but want of space will prevent. We would, therefore, suggest to those who have an opportunity, to read this chapter. To us, it is the most valuable chapter in the book.

ESPERANZI My Journey thither and what I found there.—Published by Valentine Nicholson, Cincinnati, O. Price, \$1. For sale in the Agitator office.

We have given this book a very hasty reading may not be able, therefore, to give a good or evil report of "Esperanzi" "The Land of Hope." But we admire the frankness—the straight-out way Frank Willson tells his wife—to-be, all his goings and doings, his short-comings and too far comings. And we admire vastly the artful, artless-seeming Miss Elmore. Didn't she teach Mr. Frank Willson a capital lesson?—Wouldn't we like to send a raft of self-conceited, ruination bound young men to her school!

There are some things in Esperanzi we do not like, for instance this talking of love as one talks of cooking—it seems a cheap, common affair. But in the future our hero finds the Mecca of his hopes and links holy hands with one soul-centered being.

Those who read the book will not be long in solving the problem—who is the Author and why was the book written.

BOOKS! BOOKS.—We have made arrangements to have all the Reformatory Books so soon as they are issued from the press. They will be sold at New York prices.

To those sending orders for books to the amount of \$10, cash we will make a discount of one-fourth from the retail price.

All letters should be addressed to  
H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENCY.—Subscriptions received in this Store for the Banner of Light, The Sunbeam, Herald of Progress and the Investigator.

We will give one copy of the Herald and 25 cents in books (on our list) for \$2. The Banner and 50 cents in books for \$2.00.

FOR SALE.—Physiological Apparatus consisting of a Manikin, Human Skeleton, Books, Plates, &c.  
For particulars, address  
J. E. GUNN,  
Painesville, O.

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Mrs. Webster,.....	75	G. Staples,.....	25
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MEDIUM.—Mr. John Southard, of Pontiac, Mich., writes us that he is 63 years old—has been for many years a member of the church, and a believer in all the orthodox dogmas of the day. Four years since he became a medium and has since written much poetry. Any one who wishes an acrostic on any name may expect one by sending him three or four letter stamps with the name.

While he was writing us a spirit, through his hand, wrote the following acrostic:

High on a cloud of radiance fair,  
Forms of Seraphic Mind,  
Millions of happy spirits there,  
Bestow on you sweet Bliss Sublime,  
Rejoice my sister, angel throngs,  
Of you descend by impulse given,  
Wisdom, and Love, and Holy Songs  
Now come to you from the third HEAVENS.

## Notice to Lecturers.

The Spiritualists of Cleveland have chosen officers for the coming year. The hope is to have meetings every Sabbath. We are not wealthy and shall, therefore, be unable to hold out a pecuniary inducement to speakers; but they will not be sent empty away.

Lecturers who may wish to speak in Cleveland will address the Secretary, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. She will confer with the Committee and answer the letters.

Per order of the Committee.

## NOTICES.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer will speak in Cleveland the 1st, 2d and 3d Sundays in April. She will lecture in Sharon Center on Monday and Tuesday evenings, the 2d and 3d of April, and in Chagrin Falls on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, the 10th and 11th of April.

Miss A. W. Sprague will speak in Cleveland on the 4th and 5th Sundays of April.

Warren Chase will lecture during April in Oswego, N. Y., and June in St. Louis. During May he expects to go from Oswego to St. Louis, via Buffalo, Cleveland and Terre Haute. The friends on that route wishing calls or lectures from him, must write him early in April, at Oswego, New York.

F. L. Wadsworth, Syracuse, April 1st, 8th; Utica, 15th; Troy, 22d, 29th.

Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook will lecture, April 1st and 8th, in Terre Haute, Ind., and April 15th and 22d, in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Speakers are engaged for Cleveland until the last of May. It is expected Warren Chase will speak here the 2d Sunday in May.

Miss Sprague will lecture in Sharon Center, on Monday evening, April 23d, and in Copley, on Tuesday evening, April 24th. She will speak in Akron on the 25th, if arrangements are made.

SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION.—The Spiritualists of Providence, R. I., and vicinity, will hold a Convention in that city on Wednesday and Thursday, August 1st and 2nd, 1860; and on Friday, August 3d, they will make a grand steamboat excursion down Narragansett Bay, for an old fashioned Rhode Island clambake, and a "general good time." A number of the best speakers in this country will address them, each day, whose names will be announced in due time. All Spiritualists and their friends throughout the country are invited to attend.

## TEETH PRESERVER.

WE have for sale an excellent article for preserving the teeth and gums. By an experience of ten years we may safely recommend it to the public.

It can be sent by mail. Directions accompany the boxes. Price 12 cents per box, postage 8 cents. One third discount at wholesale.

A VARIETY OF LETTER PAPER AND ENVELOPES. Wholesale and Retail.

A PRINTED CATALOGUE of Books for sale at the Agitator office, will be sent to those wishing it.

Mrs. METTLER'S CLAIRVOYANT MEDICINES FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

MRS. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP, for Languid and Unequalled Circulation, Derangement of the Secretions, Sick and Nervous Headache, Bilious Obstructions, Inactivity of the Liver, Scrofula, &c. Price, quart bottles \$2; pint bottles \$1.

DISENTERY CORDIAL, Price 50 cents per bottle.  
ELIXIR FOR CHOLERA, and severe Choleric Pains, Cramps of the Stomach and Bowels, Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains, &c. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

NEUTRALIZING MIXTURE.—This is the best of all remedies for Bilious Obstructions, Acidity of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation of the Bowels, Headache, Febrile symptoms occasioned by Colds or Worms, &c. Price 50 cents per bottle.

PULMONARIA.—An excellent remedy for Colds, Irritation of the Throat and Lungs, Hemorrhage, Asthma, Consumption, Whooping Cough and all diseases of the Respiratory Organs. Price, \$1 per bottle.

HEALING OINTMENT.—For Burns, Scalds, Fresh Cuts and Wounds of almost every description, Boils, Salt Rheum, Blisters Swelled and Sore Nipples, Glandular Swelling, Piles, Chapped hands or Chafings. Price, 25 cents per box.

UNPRECEDENT LINIMENT, which supplies a deficiency long felt, respecting causes of lameness and Weakness of several parts of the human system, Contracted Muscles and Sinews, Rheumatic, Inflammatory and Neuralgia Affections, Calious and Stiff Joints, Spasmodic Contractions, &c. Price, \$1 per bottle.

## BOOKS FOR SALE!

A GENERAL Assortment of Liberal Books are for sale at 288 Superior Street, a few doors east of Public Square, Cleveland, Ohio. Among them may be found the following:

Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World, by Robert Dale Owen. This highly interesting volume is one of the most valuable contributions yet offered to the literature of Spiritualism, being a record of facts and experiences, carefully gathered by him during his late residence in Europe. Price \$1.25; postage 20 cents.

Helper's Impending Crisis; Unabridged, large 12mo volume, 420 pages, cloth, \$1. Octavo edition, paper covers, 50 cents.

James Redpath's Life of John Brown, an elegant 12mo. volume of 400 pages, illustrated and embellished with a superb Steel Portrait. Price \$1.

The Bible; is it a Guide to Heaven? by George B. Smith. Price 25 cents; postage 3 cents.

A Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration, by Datus Kelley, 25 cents.

The Bible; is it of Divine Origin, Authority and Influence? by S. J. Finney. Price, in cloth, 40 cents, in paper 25 cents.

Thirty-Two Wonders; or the skill displayed in the Miracles of Jesus, by Prof. M. Durais. Price, in cloth, 10 cents, in paper, 25 cents.

A History of all Religions; containing a statement of the Origin, Development, Doctrines and Government of the Religious Denominations in the United States and Europe, with biographical notices of eminent Divines, Edited and completed by Samuel M. Smucker, A. M.; 320 pages, 12mo. Price, bound in fine muslin, \$1, full gilt sides and edges, \$1.50.

The Great Harmonia.—Volume V. The Thinker. Price \$1.

Two Christmas Celebrations is the title of a little book by Theodore Parker. It is classed with Juvenile books, but "Aunt Kindly" will not be confined to the nursery, and "Uncle Nathan" will tell the simple story of his early love to hearts whose heads have grown gray.—Price, post paid, 50 cents.

Report of an Extraordinary Church Trial; Phonographically reported and prepared for publication by Philo Hermes. Price 15 cents; postage 4 cents.

Where the postage is not given it will be understood the postage will be prepaid. Stamps may be sent instead of change.

We have made arrangements to have all the Reformatory Books so soon as they are issued from the press. They will be sold at New York prices.

All orders should be sent to,  
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## SAMUEL CROBAUGH'S

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Ambrotype & General Picture Establishment, Superior Street, East side the Square, opposite the Post Office, in Hoffman's Block, Cleveland, Ohio.

## LIST OF PRICES FOR THIS SEASON.

Sizes, 1-16ths,.....	\$ 25
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Larger and better Cases at lower rates. We would be pleased to see at this place our friends and former customers, and all others who desire a good picture at a trifling cost.

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Consumption, Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and all other Chronic Diseases arising from Over-Use, General Debility, or Nervous Prostration.

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Consumption, Throat Diseases, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaints, Headaches, Palpitation of the Heart, Neuralgia, Loss of Appetite, Inability to Sleep, Depression of Spirits, Irregularities, and Male and Female Weakness, &c.

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Including the TRUE ORDER OF NATURE, and preventing those Occasional Distresses to which some are peculiarly liable.

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FOR OVER-TAXED and OVER-WORKED Brain and Nerves, or any other Organs; and especially for Affections of the Kidneys, Bladder, etc., are anything else inducing Weakness, Hypochondria or Prostration of any of the Bodily or Mental Powers.

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